

them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil.

14. What else can we hope from your wealth than this, rich men of our country, when once you feel fully how, by the strength of your possessions—not, observe, by the exhaustion, but by the administration of them and the power—you can direct the acts—command the energies—inform the ignorance—prolong the existence, of the whole human race; and how, even of worldly wisdom, which man employs faithfully, it is true, not only that her ways are pleasantness, but that her paths are peace; and that, for all the children of men, as well as for those to whom she is given, Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and glory?

*Adapted from* RUSKIN.

## SECTION XI.

### I.

#### 45. THE LAST OF THE NARWHALE.

*[The Story of an Arctic Nip.]*

AY, äy, I'll tell you, shipmates,  
If you care to hear the tale,  
How myself and the royal yard alone  
Were left of the old Narwhale.

2. A stouter ship was never launched  
Of all the Clyde-built whalers;  
And forty years of a life at sea  
Have n't matched her crowd of sailors.  
Picked men they were, all young and strong,  
And used to the wildest seas,  
From Donegal and the Scottish coast,  
And the rugged Hebrides.  
Such men as women cling to, mates,  
Like ivy round their lives;  
And the day we sailed the quays (kēz) were lined  
With weeping mothers and wives.

They cried and prayed, and we gave 'em a cheer,  
In the thoughtless way o' men;  
Göd help them, shipmates—thirty years  
They've waited and prayed since then.

3. We sailed to the North, and I mind it well,  
The pity we felt, and pride,  
When we sighted the cliffs of Labrador  
From the sea where Hudson died.  
We talked of ships that never came back,  
And when the great floes passed,  
Like ghosts in the night, each moonlit peak  
Like a great war-frigate's mast,  
'T was said that a ship was frozen up  
In the iceberg's awful breast,  
The clear ice holding the sailor's face  
As he lay in his mortal rest.  
And I've thought since then, when the ships came home  
That sailed for the Franklin<sup>1</sup> band,  
A mistake was made in the reckoning  
That looked for the crews on land.  
"They're floating still," I've said to myself,  
"And Sir John has found the goal;  
The Erebus and the Terror, mates,  
Are icebergs up at the Pole!"

4. We sailed due North, to Baffin's Bay,  
And cruised through weeks of light;  
'T was always day, and we slept by the bell,  
And longed for the dear old night,  
And the blessed darkness left behind,  
Like a curtain round the bed;  
But a month dragged on like an afternoon  
With the wheeling sun o'erhead.  
We found the whales were farther still,  
The farther north we sailed;

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Franklin, an English naval officer and Arctic explorer, born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, April 16, 1786; died in the Arctic regions, June 11, 1847. Several expeditions were sent in search of him, but his fate was not certainly known until 1859, when a record of his death was discovered by the McClintock expedition.

Along the Greenland glâciër coast,  
 The boldest might have quailed,  
 Such Shapes did keep us company,  
 No sail in all that sea,  
 But thick as ships in Mersey's tide  
 The bergs moved awfully  
 Within the cÛrrent's northward stream ;  
 But, ère the löng day's close,  
 We found the whales and filled the ship  
 Amid the friendly flöes.

5. Then came a rest : the day was blown  
 Like a cloud before the night ;  
 In the south the sun went redly down—  
 In the north rose another light :  
 Nèither sun nor moon, but a shooting dawn,  
 That silvered our lonely way ;  
 It seemed we sailed in a belt of gloom,  
 Upon èither side, a day ;  
 The north wind smote the sea to death ;  
 The pack-ice closed us round—  
 The Narwhale stood in the level fields  
 As fâst as a ship aground.  
 A weary time it was to wait,  
 And to wish for spring to come,  
 With the pleasant breeze and the blessèd sun,  
 To open the way tōward hōme.

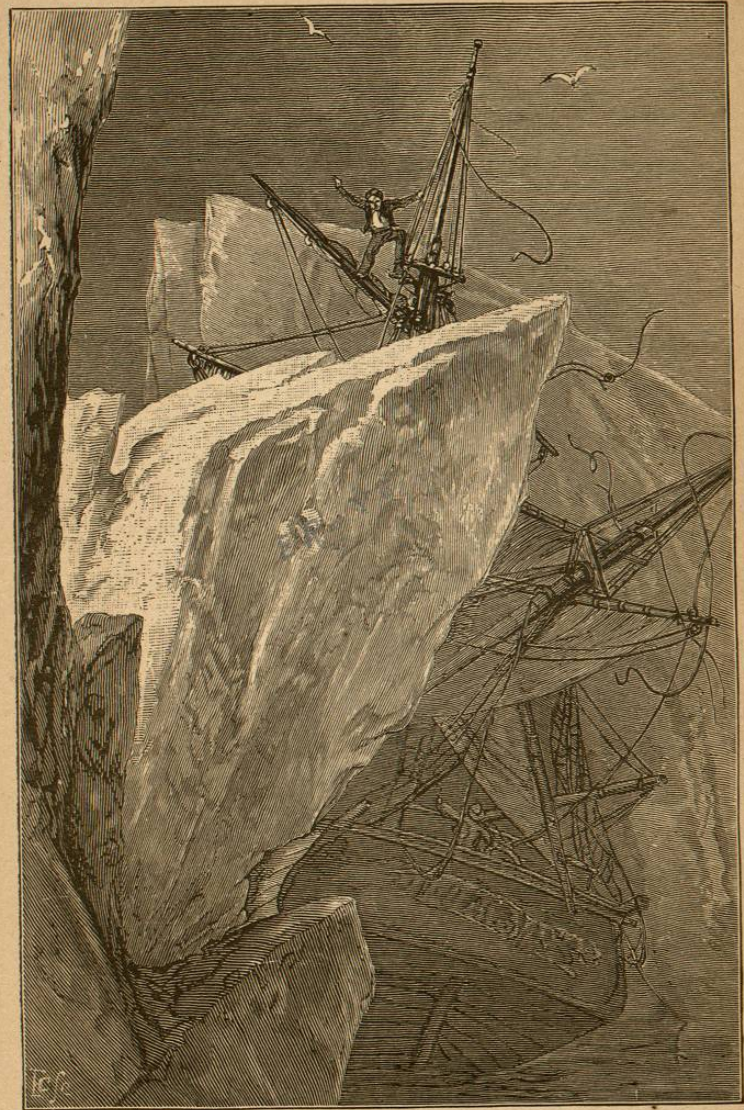
6. Spring came at last, the ice-fields groaned  
 Like living things in pain ;  
 They moaned and swayed, then rent amain,  
 And the Narwhale sailed again.  
 With joy the dripping sails were loosed,  
 And round the vessel swung ;  
 To cheer the crew, full south she drew,  
 The shattered floes among.  
 We had no books in those old days  
 To carry the friendly faces ;  
 But I think the wives and lasses then  
 Were held in better places.

The face of sweetheart and wife to-day  
 Is locked in the sailor's chest,  
 But alöft on the yard, with the thought of home,  
 The face in the heart was best.  
 Well, well—Göd knows, mates, when and where  
 To take the things He gave ;  
 We steered for home—but the chart was His,  
 And the port ahead—the grave !

7. We cleared the floes : through an open sea  
 The Narwhale south'ard sailed,  
 Till a day came round when the white fög rose,  
 And the wind astern had failed.  
 In front of the Greenland glacier line  
 And close to its base were we ;  
 Through the misty pall we could see the wall  
 That beetled above the sea.  
 A fear like the fog crept over our hearts,  
 As was heard the hollow rōär  
 Of the deep sea thrashing the cliffs of ice  
 For leagues along the shōre.
8. The years have come, and the years have gone,  
 But it never wears away—  
 The sense I have of the sights and sounds  
 That marked that woful day.  
 Flung here and there at the ocean's will,  
 As it flung the broken floe—  
 What strength had we 'gainst the tiger sea  
 That sports with a sailor's woe ?  
 The lifeless berg and the lifeful ship  
 Were the same to the sullen wave,  
 As it swept them far from ridge to ridge,  
 Till at last the Narwhale drave  
 With a crashing rail on the glacier wall,  
 As sheer as the vessel's mäst—  
 A crashing rail and a shivered yard :  
 But the worst, we thought, was pást.  
 The brave lads sprang to the fending work,  
 And the skipper's voice rang hard :

"Alôft there, one with a ready knife—  
Cut loose that royal yard!"  
I sprang to the rigging: young I was,  
And proud to be first to dare;  
The yard swung free, and I turned to gaze  
Toward the open sea, o'er the field of haze,  
And my heart grew cold, as if frozen through,  
At the moving Shape that met my view—  
O Christ! what a sight was there!

9. Above the fog, as I hugged the yard,  
I saw that an iceberg lay—  
A berg like a mountain, closing fast—  
Not a cable's length away!  
I could not see through the sheet of mist  
That covered all below,  
But I heard their cheery voices still,  
And I screamed to let them know.  
The cry went down, and the skipper hailed,  
But before the word could come,  
It died in his throat, and I knew they saw  
The Shape of the closing Doom!
10. No sound but that—but the hail that died  
Came up through the mist to me;  
Thank God, it covered the ship like a veil,  
And I was not forced to see—  
But I heard it, mates: oh, I heard the rush,  
And the timbers rend and rive,  
As the yard I clung to swayed and fell.  
I lay on the ice alive!  
Alive! O Lord of Mercy! ship and crew and sea were  
gone!  
The hummocked ice and the broken yard,  
And a kneeling man—alône!
11. A kneeling man on a frozen hill,  
The sounds of life in the air—  
All death and ice—and a minute before  
The sea and the ship were there!  
I could not think they were dead and gone,



*No sound but that—but the hail that died  
Came up through the mist to me;  
Thank God, it covered the ship like a veil,  
And I was not forced to see.*

And I listened for sound or word :  
 But the deep sea rōar on the desolate shōre  
 Was the ōnly sound I hēard.  
 O mates, I had no heart to thank  
 The Lord for the life He gave ;  
 I spread my arms on the ice and cried  
 Aloud on my shipmates' grave.  
 The brave, strōng lads, with their strength all vain,  
 I called them name by name ;  
 And it seemed to me from the dying hearts  
 A message upward came—  
 Ay, mates, a message, up through the ice  
 From every sailor's breast :  
 "Go tell our mothers and wives at home  
 To pray for us here at rest."

12. Yes, that's what it means ; 'tis a little word ;  
 But, mates, the strōngest ship  
 That ever was built is a baby's toy  
 When it comes to an Aretic Nip. O'REILLY.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born in Dowth Castle, Co. Meath, Ireland, June 23, 1844. He was transported to Australia in 1860 on a charge of high treason to the British crown, but, escaping thence by an open boat, was picked up by a whaling vessel, and came to America in November, 1869. For some years he has been the editor of the Boston "Pilot," and has also written much and well for the various popular magazines. In 1874 Roberts Bros. of Boston published his first volume of poems, "Songs of the Southern Seas," which contained some vigorous and sonorous verse that gave promise of still better work in the future. A second volume, published by D. & J. Sadler, New York, was issued in 1877.

II.

46. THE LEGEND OF BLESSED EGIDIUS.

THE lamp was burning lōng and late  
 Within the student's tower,  
 And still its flickering ray was seen  
 Far pāst the midnight hour.  
 It glimmered from the casement  
 Of the Spanish stranger's cell,  
 And there was something strange and sad  
 In the radiance as it fell.

Nóne saw it dimmed, and men had grown  
 To watch for it with awe;  
 And there were whispers dark and strange,  
 And words of evil fame,  
 Which made them shudder as they heard  
 Egidius' blighted name.  
 The shadow of some mystery  
 Around the stranger lay;  
 Men gazed in wonder on his brow,  
 And turned aside to pray.  
 The lines were there of löfty thought,  
 And more than mortal skill;  
 The light of genius blended there  
 With the majesty of will.

2. Yét its beauty was not beautiful—  
 Its glöry was not bright—  
 Something upon the lustre hung  
 And darkened it to night.  
 Though from his eye the spirit flashed  
 In wild and dazzling rays,  
 A something in the lightning gleamed  
 Which made you fear to gaze.  
 And now with stern and thoughtful looks  
 He sits and ponders o'er his books:  
 Strange words and characters are thére;  
 He reads no psälmody nor práyer;  
 The sacred sign has scárce been traced  
 O'er by those lines defaced;  
 For holy things can bear no part  
 In the dark rites of magic art.  
 Silent the night, and dark the room,  
 The lamp scarce pierced the midnight gloom,  
 Dimly and wan its lustre búrned,  
 As leaf by leaf the máster túrned,  
 And save the rustle as they stirred,  
 No echo through the night was héard.
3. Why leaps with strange and sudden glare  
 The flame within the lamp?

What sound is that upon the stair?  
 'Tis an arméd horseman's tramp!  
 Nearer it comes with solemn tread,  
 And it sounds on the túrret floor,  
 And with a harsh and sudden crash  
 Bursts wide the chamber door.  
 Egidius raised his head, and turned:  
 A giant form was there,  
 With lance and shield and pluméd helm,  
 As men in toúrney wear.  
 A coal-black steed the Phantom rode,  
 Of vast and awful size,  
 And through the visor bars there gleamed  
 The flash of angry eyes.  
 He shook the lance above his head,  
 He called the student's name,  
 And a trembling as of palsy shook  
 The máster's iron frame.  
 They rang into his very heart,  
 Those accents of the grave:  
 "Change, change thy life!" the echoing vaults  
 A hollow answer gave.  
 And the eyeballs of the helméd head  
 Shot forth a fearful ray;  
 Then pássed the vision from his sight,  
 And the echoes died away.

4. But human hearts are strangely hard,  
 And his was used of old  
 To sights which, seen by other men,  
 Would túrn their life-blood cold.  
 For seven years he had lived a life  
 It were not good to tell,  
 And his eyes were used to fiendish forms,  
 His ears to the sounds of hell:  
 So when the vision pássed, he turned  
 Back to his books again,  
 Mastering the pulses of his heart  
 With the grasp of a fierce disdain.

5. Eight days had passed—the night was come,  
 And he was musing there,  
 And once again that trampling sound  
 Was heard upon the stair;  
 Already twice those clattering feet  
 Have sounded at his door;  
 Now ring they louder, and their tread  
 Shakes the old turret floor.  
 A blow, as from an iron hand,  
 Strikes the panels with hideous din;  
 Hinges and fastenings have given way,  
 And the horseman gallops in:  
 One bound has cleared the portal wide;  
 The next he's by Egidius' side:  
 Curbing his war-horse as it rears,  
 He thunders in those trembling ears—  
*"Change, change thy life, unhappy one!  
 Thy crimes are full, thy race is run;"*  
 Then o'er his prostrate form they dash,  
 Rider and steed, with one fell crash.
6. The hours of that fearful night  
 Were rolling sadly by;  
 He rose from out his deadly swoon—  
 The dawn was in the sky;  
 The lamp was broken on the ground;  
 The mystic books lay scattered round;  
 They caught his glance—with hasty hands  
 He casts them on the smouldering brands,  
 And fans them to a flame;  
 Wildly it leapt and licked the air,  
 While sank with every record there  
 Egidius' magic fame.
7. He staggered to the window,  
 The breeze blew freshly in,  
 But oh! he felt within his heart  
 The gnawing sense of sin—  
 The clear light of the dawning  
 Fell full upon his brow;

It touched the flood-gates of his heart—  
 Oh! where his manhood now?  
 The world lay all in worship,  
 Steeped in the morning rays,  
 And the birds sang loud on every branch  
 Their matin-song of praise;  
 He could not bear that calm, clear light,  
 Nor the touch of the gentle breeze,  
 And the first rays of the risen sun  
 Had found him on his knees.

\* \* \* \* \*

8. Among the hills of Spain there stands  
 A fabric reared by holy hands;  
 True sons of Dominic<sup>1</sup> were they  
 Who left the world to watch and pray;  
 And there—the white wool on his breast—  
 Egidius sought for peace and rest.  
 He bore a weary penance,  
 For no rays of comfort fell  
 To soothe his days, or scare away  
 The visitants of hell.  
 They stirred not from his side; they stood  
 Beside him in his prayer;  
 Prostrate before the altar-steps—  
 They gibbered round him there.  
 They told him of a bloody bond  
 Which his own hand had given,  
 And mocked him when he strove to raise  
 His weary eyes to heaven.
9. 'Tis night within the convent church:  
 The moonbeams gently shine,  
 Silv'ring the pavement where he kneels  
 Before our Lady's shrine.  
 There was the scene of his nightly watch,  
 His only resting-place,

<sup>1</sup> St. Dominic de Guzman, the founder of the Dominican Order, was born in Calahorra, Old Castile, in 1170; died in Bologna, August 4, 1221. His feast is celebrated on the anniversary of his death.

And he looked up like a tired child  
 Into a Mother's face.  
 "O Star of Hope!" he whispers low,  
 "Turn here those loving eyes,  
 Whose hue is like the gentle blue  
 That glows in Southern skies.

10. Say, what mōre can I give? My blood  
 And the fall of countless tears  
 Have flowed in ceaseless tōrrents  
 O'er these sins of by-gōne years.  
 Yēt still these demons häunt my päth,  
 And claim me for their own;  
 With bitter gibe and jest they mock  
 Each deep repentant moan.  
 They mind me of the written bond  
 Which signed my soul away;  
 Oh! would that at thy blessed feet  
 The bloody paper lay!  
 Sweet Mother! let the cause be thine,  
 Then surely were it won;  
 And let one ray of comfort gleām  
 On the soul of thy guilty son!"

11. With childlike sobs Egidius lay  
 Upon the marble ground;  
 His heart was full of voiceless prayer,  
 When there came an awful sound;  
 'Twas the cry of baffled malice,  
 And it rang through the vaulted aisles,  
 And the hideous echo seemed to rock  
 The convent's massive piles.  
 "There, take thy cursèd bond," it cried,  
 "Which never had I given,  
 Hadst thou not won her mighty aid  
 Whom thou callest Queen of Heaven."

12. He saw it falling through the air,  
 He knew the ruddy token—

Once more he grasped it in his hand,  
 And the chains of his life were broken.  
 He looked—a dusky demon form  
 Fled howling from the light;  
 He raised his eyes to his Mother's face,  
 But the big tears dimmed his sight!  
 Yet through their veiling mist he gazed,  
 And the dull cold marble smiled,  
 And an aureole of glory played  
 Round the brow of the Royal Child.  
 The light was piercing to his heart;  
 But who may his rapture paint?  
 That hour broke the bonds of hell  
 And gave the Church a saint.

*The Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars."*

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## SECTION XII.

### I.

#### 47. ATHENIAN PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE Athenian people were never known to live contented in a slavish, though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No; our whole history is a series of gallant contests for pre-eminence; the whole period of our national existence has been spent in braving dangers for the sake of glōry and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And justly; for who can think without amazement on the virtue of those men who resigned their possessions, turned their backs upon their city, and embarked in their ships rather than live the vassals of a stranger; choosing Themistoclēḡ, the adviser of the mēasure, for their commander; stoning to death Cyr'sillus, for recommending submission to tyranny; and not himself only, but your wives stoning his wife?